Bad Wine

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Bad Wine

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Willow is hoping to avoid an evening of bad wine by making a new friend.

Willow Graham sipped at her wine, wishing it was whiskey. But if trying to pick up in bars had taught her anything, people expected women to be ladylike, and that meant wine, for some damned reason.

It really was awful, and it lacked the comforting burn of whiskey, but that could wait until she was home. Unless she got lucky.

The idea seemed laughable given that it happened so rarely. In the two years since she'd started training at the FBI Academy, she could count on just over one hand the amount of times she'd picked up in a bar. In truth, sex wasn't high on her priorities, but sometimes she just had an itch that needed scratching and so she came to what, she was pretty sure, was the only queer bar in the whole area. And most of the time she struck out.

Maybe she was just too picky? Or probably just too wary. It was most likely because she always came across as awkward and standoffish.

It didn't help that wasn't always in the mood to go home with a woman, and trying to find a guy into women at a gay bar when - even if they were bi - they were likely there for dick too, was difficult. The existence of binaries was irksome.

Willow slugged back the wine, forgetting for a moment that it wasn't whiskey and almost retched. She took a moment to compose herself and willed her face not to turn inside out thanks to the sourness that followed. And then she pushed her glass away from her and decided that, perhaps it was time to call it a night.

When she turned on her barstool to get up she found that the next stool along from her was now occupied by another lone drinking. She stopped and studied him.

He seemed tall, though it was hard to tell with them both seated. His features were angular and his lips pouty. He was very nice to look at, to say the least.

"Can I help you?" He turned to her and asked with a smirk.

She blushed and held her hand over her eyes at being caught out, feeling the heat creep up her neck.

"Shit, sorry. I've had a glass of wine, and… you're kinda distracting." Willow was caught in her usual social ineptitude of somewhere between rude and flirtatious - usually dependent on how the other person took it.

"Thanks, I think." The man's words were smooth, like silk, in a heavily accented rumble that made Will quiver. "Can I buy you a drink?"

"Um… sure," Will replied. "Actually, no. I mean, the wine is terrible. Wait, a whiskey."

The man's smile grew and she realised he was finding her charming, which was fantastic news! Now, as long as he wasn't exclusively into men she might be in with a chance.

He flagged down the bartender and ordered a whiskey for Will and a wine for himself before turning back to her.

"Wine is often an acquired taste."

"Pfft," Will replied to the frankly somewhat patronising words. "On your head then, hope you got something better than the house white, because that stuff is awful."

The smiling didn't falter and he offered his hand to shake, "Hannibal Lecter."

An interesting name, she noted.

"Willow Graham, Will." Will offered, taking Hannibal's hand and enjoying the feel of their skin against skin contact a little more than she possibly should. "Are, uh… Are you at the Academy too?"

"No, I'm studying at Johns Hopkins, I'm just here visiting an old friend." He nodded towards the dancefloor where Will saw fellow student Alana Bloom clearly engrossed with the

beautiful redhead she was swaying with. “But she seems to have found better company.”

“Ah,” Will replied. “Well, I can keep you company.” She attempted flirty and hoped it didn’t stray too far into creepy.

“I’d like that,” Hannibal replied.

There was a moment of silence as they regarded each other and Will felt the blush on her cheeks under his unwavering gaze. He really was ridiculously attractive.

“So,” she cleared her throat, “I know Alana from class, how do you two know each other?”

He was clearly European from his accent and was studying medicine over an hour away if he was at Johns Hopkins. Will’s investigative mind was immediately curious as to how they would have met, and whether there was any history there. She ignored the slight bite of jealousy in her gut. A ridiculous response given they had only just met and this might go nowhere.

“We briefly attended the same girl’s school when I first came to America and became fast friends, we have remained so over the years.”

Will frowned, sure she hadn’t misheard but queried nonetheless, “Girl’s school?”

Hannibal’s smile was soft and open, “yes, is that a problem?”

Will felt her blush back again, her cheeks felt hot as it clicked and she stammered, “no, no not at all. No…”

“Good,” Hannibal replied with a low rumble as he picked up his glass and watched her over the rim of it as he drank.

Damn, Will was starting to get hard. This guy was absolutely magnetic, charming and--

“And you’re here alone?” Hannibal asked, his tone innocent but his eyes burning into hers.

She swallowed and nodded, “Yeah, just came to unwind after a long day.”

He smirked at her and a raised brow told her he knew she was fibbing.

“And maybe try to get laid,” she admitted and then chuckled. There was something strangely enjoyable about the way he seemed to see right through her.

Maybe it was the horrible wine and the good whiskey but Will found it hard to deny the connection she was feeling.

“Ah,” Hannibal acknowledged with a grin, “any good prospects?”

This was it, this was where she could cheesily say, *not until you walked in*, or something equally awful. But instead she said, “that depends.”

Hannibal shuffled on his stool, moving a little closer to her, their knees brushing as he leaned in and asked in a low rumble, “depends on what?”

“How you feel about this,” she said as she took one of his hands and placed it flat on her knee before running it up over her skirt to her crotch. She never tucked when she came to this place, but she was wearing rather restrictive panties. All the same, her half hard cock was impossible not to pass as anything else with a hand directly upon it.

“I feel just fine about it,” Hannibal’s reply was breathless and muttered almost against her lips. They both leaned in just a little and that was enough for their mouths to meet in a gentle, but open kiss. Will moaned as Hannibal’s tongue slipped inside her mouth and his hand gently massaged her growing bulge.

When they broke apart Will was panting as she said, “I live in walking distance and my roommates are out.”

Hannibal smirked and rose from his stool.

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The apartment was two bedroom, Will’s housemates Clarice and Ardelia shared one room, having been a couple since college.

Will’s room was therefore smaller, but more than adequate, with a double bed and dim lighting. Clarice and Ardelia teased her about how perfect it is for a hookup pad, she just wished she got to use it as such more often.

Not a regret she was having this evening as Hannibal walked her backwards towards her bed.

A gracious host, she had offered him a drink as soon as they’d arrived, but he had declined and instead asked to use the bathroom. Whilst he was in there freshening up, Will went to her own room and took off her shirt, leaving just the satin camisole beneath. When he’d come looking for her, she hadn’t objected to him coming into her room, it was after all why they were there.

And now she found the back of her legs hitting the bed as Hannibal’s arms went around her waist to stop her falling.

“You’re beautiful,” Hannibal breathed the words just above her mouth before capturing his lips in a soft, exploratory kiss.

When they drew back from each other Will shook her head, “I probably taste like bad wine.”

“You taste perfect, and the wine wasn’t so terrible,” Hannibal murmured, pressing his nose against her and stealing little pecks as he lowered them both to the bed.

“It’s ridiculous. I hate wine, I only drink it because that’s what women drink.”

Hannibal pulled back and looked at her then, his gaze full of affection and understanding, it was overwhelming but she couldn’t break the intense eye contact.

“Wine is an acquired taste,” he told her, softly, “and bad wine can put you off forever. I don’t think which genitals you have come into it.”

That made Will laugh and shake her head, finally breaking the moment.

“I suppose not. But you know what I mean.”

“Yes, I do.” Hannibal agreed.

Will pulled him down into a hungry kiss, their bodies pressed together.

Hannibal broke away as he slid his hand down to Will’s hard cock.

“What should I call this?” Hannibal murmured the words over her mouth.

“Cock is fine,” she replied, breathless as he squeezed her gently.

“Same for me,” he told her.

“Do you want--”
“What do you like to--”

They both started at the same time and then subsided into another chuckle and more hungry kisses.

Will shuddered as Hannibal began kissing down her neck and then to her chest, nosing at a nipple through her camisole.

“Is this okay?” He asked, to which she enthusiastically nodded and then groaned as he sucked the nipple into his mouth through the thin material.

“Do you like to use your cock?” Hannibal asked as he continued to massage it and lick at her nipple.

“Yeah…” Will panted. “Do you like to, um…”

“Yes,” Hannibal replied, making his point by then grinding his crotch on her thigh.
“Condoms?”

“Y-yeah…” Will felt a shiver over her skin as she shuffled slightly, moving across the bed to reach for the bedside drawer. Hannibal moved with her and then leaned over to reach in when she opened the drawer, pulling out a strip of condoms.

They kissed again, pecks and deep kisses interspersed before finally finding the strength to pull away from each other completely.

Hannibal stepped off of the bed and began removing his close, his eyes not leaving her body as she did the same. The way he watched her made her all the harder, his eyes roaming over every inch of revealed flesh.

First she took off her camisole and then pushed down her skirt, removing her socks and shoes with it. Finally lying back in just her panties. Her cock strained against the binding underwear, ever more so as she in turn watched Hannibal.

He undid his shirt slowly and let it fall to the floor, revealing an athletic build and wonderfully furred chest. His pants and underwear quickly followed until he stood entirely naked, his small cock peeking out between his equally furred crotch and thighs.

“Fuck,” Will gasped the word, as she drank him in.

That earned her a smirk as he began to advance on her. The closer he drew the further she spread her legs until he was between them, his hand on her panties and rubbing gently.

“Can I take these off?” He asked, softly.

Will nodded with enthusiasm as her cheeks heated.

Hannibal smiled as he spread his hands across her hips and then hooked his fingers into her panties, pulling them smoothly down until her cock sprang free.

“Fuck,” Will muttered, more turned on than she was sure she ever had been before.

She’d expected a quick fumble and fuck, but this was sensual and intimate.

“Have you tried amazon?” Hannibal asked her, his voice a low husk. She frowned and was about to ask what the fuck online shopping had to do with anything when he clarified, “The position, for sex?”

The frown remained as she shook her head.

Hannibal’s smirk had a gentle edge, as though he was about to show her what she’d been missing.

“Tell me if you want to stop, if I do anything you don’t like,” Hannibal rumbled the words as he pushed her legs back gently, leaving her cock free and erect.

She took hold of her legs and held them as Hannibal released them and instead took her cock in hand. He stroked it a few times whilst he picked up a condom wrapper with his free hand and ripped it open with his teeth. An expert move that was both impressive and jealousy-fuelling.

He was so very gentle, his touches a caress as he rolled the condom down her shaft and then reached over for the lube. He squeezed some onto the tip before stroking his hand up and down, coating her fully from root to tip.

The sensation had Will curling her toes. His hand felt so good on her, like he’d read a manual specifically on the best way to get her off. She wasn’t even sure she needed more than this, a handjob sounded pretty fantastic in itself.

But then Hannibal's hand was gone and he moved up until he was over her, practically straddling her.

Will blinked, confused and not quite sure what Hannibal was trying to do, until he lowered himself down.

They both moaned as Will slipped inside Hannibal's slick hole. It was a slow motion, but even so, within moments Hannibal had taken all of her and closed his eyes in bliss.

Will closed her eyes then too, scrunching them together and trying not to come.

The feeling was intense, and to see how much Hannibal was enjoying it was almost too much.

Hannibal settled for a moment, and Will wondered if he was having the same problem. When he finally moved, he repositioned ever so slightly, and Will winced. Hannibal was now sat in such a way that Will's cock was pointing downwards more than was usual. It didn't hurt, and the slight discomfort passed very quickly, but it was strange. A completely different sensation than she was used to.

This whole evening seemed to be full of discoveries.

And then Hannibal began to move.

"Oh fuck!" Will tensed for a moment, her abs pulling taut until she grew used to the movements, to Hannibal fucking her.

Because that's what it felt like.

Will had had people ride her dick before, and this wasn't that. This felt like their positions were flipped and roles reversed - as though Hannibal had the cock and he was fucking into her pussy.

"Is this okay?" Hannibal asked without slowing down or stopping. He continued to pump his hips. Between Hannibal's wetness and the lube, Will could feel the slick slide of their bodies and words were gone, only leaving her with the ability to nod.

Panting, Hannibal repositioned slightly again, he was essentially kneeling behind her now, the front of his thighs pressed against the back of hers as his hands went down to her inner thighs to hold her legs up and open.

"Oh god, Hannibal!"

He moved.

He really was fucking her now. Thrusting himself hard and fast on her cock, fucking her into the mattress.

Will was already so close, so turned on, that the sight of him was almost enough to push her over the edge. His gaze was hungry but tender as he fucked her, his fingers stroking her inner

thighs gently even as he pressed them down with unquestionable strength.

Will wanted this again and again.

She wanted Hannibal again and again.

“You feel so good,” Hannibal growled, and that made Will’s cock throb all the more.

Something Hannibal must have felt because he moaned and clenched around her.

“So do you,” Will gasped, unable to stop herself then from reaching down pressing her fingers against his t-cock.

She just had to feel him, needed to be grounded by it.

Her fingers were instantly wet with the mixture of lube and both their juices as she slid her fingers either side of his cock and began to rub, jerking him off in time with his thrusts.

“Fuck,” Hannibal muttered.

And that was when she saw him crack.

All this evening, when they were flirting, when they were kissing, even when they were fucking, he retained some level of calm stoicism. His enjoyment was clear, there was no doubt about that. And he was obviously exerting himself, not holding back. But it suddenly felt like there was a crack in his armour. A ruffle in his fine suit.

“I’m going to-” he started but the words ended in a grunt as she felt him throb between her fingers.

Will’s eyes rolled with pleasure as the throbbing was mirrored by the clenching of his inner muscles, working her own cock until she came with a groan.

It was sudden, like a shot of electricity through her, at the same time as having been worked up to feverishly. It left her whole body feeling raw and oversensitive as she emptied herself fully inside Hannibal.

Both of them were shaking, sweating and panting when they stopped coming.

Will was in a daze as Hannibal let her legs go and then moved up her, kissing her softly on the lips as he finally let her slide from him, condom and all.

Will vaguely sensed it being removed, and then Hannibal was pulling her into his arms and their bodies entwined around each other in the most intense post-coital bliss Will had ever felt.

*

Will woke when her alarm went off, immediately setting it to snooze, before rolling over to get another twenty minutes.

Rolling over turned out to be more difficult than expected when she realised her evening's conquest was still there. And what's more, she didn't mind one bit.

Usually hookups - when they did happen - were just that, one night stands. Just to scratch that itch, nothing more. They usually parted ways once the sex was over.

But, last night?

Will wasn't sure when she'd last had such a good night, if ever. And it wasn't just that Hannibal turned out to be an incredible lover, it was the reason why - how connected she felt to him. She'd never had that with anyone before, the way he seemed to see into her soul and know exactly what she wanted and needed.

Not only was she fine with the fact that he'd slept over, she realised she wasn't too keen to see him go.

When he didn't stir, Will took the opportunity to slot herself against him, resting her head on his furred chest and pressing her stiffening morning wood against his thigh.

In a seemingly automatic gesture, his arm came up around her and held her close, but she realised he had started to stir when his breathing changed and he rested his chin in her hair. Then he nuzzled into it and took a deep breath.

"Did you just smell me?" Will chuckled.

"Difficult to avoid," Hannibal murmured, his voice thick with sleep. "I can smell the dry ice from the bar, your own natural scent of sweat and sex, and beneath it the delicate peach blossom of your shampoo."

"Sounds gross," Will dismissed, chuckling again at this absolutely delightful weirdo she'd brought home.

"On the contrary, you smell as you are - beautiful."

Even as her chest warmed Will scoffed, an automatic reaction, "Are you always this sappy?"

"Only when appropriate. If you'd rather I say no more, or indeed leave, I will do so."

"No," Will protested quicker than she'd meant to. "No, um… I just… I'm a terrible cynic. I don't do well with sappy."

"Hmm," Hannibal looked down at her and hooked a finger under her chin, "we needn't speak at all if you'd prefer?"

They leaned together and their lips met in a gentle press that made Will tingle all over. All the more so when Hannibal's hand snaked down to her hip, and then to her crotch, cupping her in his hand.

She groaned into his mouth and expected the kiss to deepen but instead he pulled back.

“Is this a passionate goodbye, or the start of something?” Hannibal asked, his eyes searching hers and she was sure he already knew the answer.

“Are those the only options?” Will teased, her heart thudding. “Just keep it professional.”

Hannibal mirrored her smirk as he replied, “Or we could socialise like adults, god forbid we become friendly.”

Will chuckled, before finally replying, faux blasé “I don’t find you that interesting.”

“You will,” Hannibal growled and rolled on top of her, kissing her deeply as her arms went up around his neck. She spread her legs so he could settle between them, his wet and hard cock sliding against her own.

There was a slow, desperate consumption to the kiss, like they would eat each other or crawl inside one another if they possibly could. Instead they settled for moving their bodies together, Hannibal rocking against her so their dicks frot together to create an exquisite friction. An exquisite slide as both of them grew wetter.

“Hannibal, I’m--” Will started but her sentence ended with a cry as she came between them. Hannibal sped up then, rubbing himself against the slowly softening bar of her erection until he tensed and shuddered.

They breathed together for a few moments before Hannibal rolled off of her and they lay side by side on the bed, both trying to catch their breath and then remained in silence.

A comfortable silence that seemed to envelope Will in warmth. They lay like that for a long time.

“People might think it’s lazy,” Will started, strangely feeling the desire to share something of herself with Hannibal whilst he was still here. “But truly, I just always liked the name Will. It never felt wholly masculine to me, so when I changed my name I just swapped the end of it, William for Willow, easy. I kept the parts of me that already fit and then updated the rest.”

Hannibal had moved onto his side, propped on his elbow and watching her as she spoke. When she stopped, he leaned in and kissed her softly before pulling back with a smile.

The connection there, she definitely hadn’t imagined that. The understanding too.

Will cleared her throat, feeling the heat of the blush on her cheeks.

“So, um, Hannibal’s an interesting name, got a thing for Roman history?”

He rolled onto his back once more, but drew her near until she was lying against his chest again. She could feel the words rumbling through him.

“Actually it was my father’s name, a family name. It would have been my name if I had been acknowledged as male at birth. It felt like something that should be mine, especially after my parents passed.”

“I’m sorry,” Will placed her hand gently on his chest. Perhaps reassuring him that she too felt the connection.

“Don’t be, you didn’t kill them.” She could hear the smile in his voice.

“Shit, you’re dark,” Will was both shocked and amused as she pulled back to look at him. “I kinda like it.”

“I too, am an acquired taste.” Hannibal smiled at her.

“I think I like you a lot more than I like bad wine,” Will laughed, feeling her cheeks heat under his smiling gaze.

He pushed a lock of hair behind her ear and nuzzled into her neck, making her shudder all over again when he told her, “I think I like you a lot more than many, many things.”

Will turned her head then and kissed him, supping at his lips. The feeling was definitely mutual.

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